

STORY OF A MAYOR.

Peter Loneragan was Ashcroft's first mayor. Ashcroft was one of those satellite towns whose existence was due principally to a handful of unfortunate prospectors who had wandered from the central mining star. Aspen, Colo., was Ashcroft's mining star. Loneragan was a Scotch-Irishman, 6 feet 5 inches in height, with a decidedly apologetic stoop. His eyes were blue, his hair shaggy red, and for lack of a razor and as a time saver he wore a full beard. Pete had fought in the civil war and prided himself on being an American miner to the core.

Big finds were being made at Ashcroft, and also had claims which were panning out rich stuff. Part of her population was composed of a certain element recognized in all the new camps of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona—bad men.

Pete knew a bad man and could handle him. That was one reason for his election. The winning of a mining camp office is usually through individual merit. Justice is close to the surface in all such camps—that is, the justice which weighs a man's character and treats him according to the marking of the scales. It is true that the miner, in judging of a companion's worth, entirely sets aside the enthusiasm which prompts his comrade to talk half the night about a prospect hole which will pan out the richest stuff on record. Such a weakness is overlooked, for even the discourager knows he eulogizes; so do his hearers, and no harm is done.

After six months' residence in a mining camp a popular demonstration is made in a man's favor, he may be sure he has assayed at a high figure. Thus it was in Peter's case. And now he had won a distinction which would follow him through all camps—he was Ashcroft's first mayor.

The first few months Peter dignified the office with his presence were filled with hard work and considerable risk. Threats meant for the mayor's ears always reached them, but his duty, he said, was located, and patented, and he intended working it out. And he did. It was not the gambler he was after, for cards and tables were necessities, and the banker was obliged to be straight, but it was the bad man who hastened into camp on his mission of hold up, claim jumping, crookedness and general meanness that Pete looked for and found. So it was that the first few months were busy ones, but this work brought its reward, for some of the bad men left—a few were buried outside of the town—and Pete won a wide reputation for being uncomformably quick with his gun and busy in temper when executing the high duty of the citizens of Ashcroft had imposed on him.

Finally office duties slackened and Pete had time for thought. His thoughts centered upon a subject which made him look slightly ill at ease. They were thoughts without verbal outlet. Pete had no confidants.

The mayor of Ashcroft was in love and engaged to be married.

Yet for a year he had lived in this little mining camp and no one had known a word of his secret. No one ever heard Pete reveal anything about his private affairs or his family and no one ever dared ask a question.

This mining etiquette—it saves trouble and prejudice—is one item of an unwritten code of social mining laws worthy of study and adoption outside of a camp. The thought that troubled Pete most, now that he had time to dwell on it, was how to get out of camp without revealing his mission—that of being married. It was a matter close to Pete's heart, too close to be commented upon by Ashcroft. Then there was another reason for silence; he knew the boys would give him a send off, and he wished to avoid it, for he was a modest man and hated fuss and show.

He could well afford to marry, for though he was not rich he had had fair good luck. His claims Paradox and Prospect were in his name alone—not a third nor a sixteenth interest belonged to any one else. Not that he was close, but mining was a principle with Loneragan, and a partner sometimes interferes with principles, so even though a cash interest might have aided the development of his claims and at times forced him over bad places he chose to remain comparatively poor or uncertainly rich.

One night while standing at the hotel bar talk drifted from paying shippers and new strikes to the last bad man who had been in camp. This was Pete's chance. Downing his "three fingers" with an experienced gulp, he turned to the crowd and said:

"Boys, there's a d—d bad man leaving this town tomorrow, and it's my purpose to follow that vein if I go to Missouri for it," and there he stopped, for it was a long sentence for the mayor.

A few of Ashcroft's citizens stood in front of the saloon the next morning, and remembering the mayor's remark the night before scanned the passengers in the Aspen coach, but saw only two, the mayor and the surveyor, so they concluded that the bad man Pete had told them of had gone away the night before in his own outfit, and Ashcroft never questioned the authority of her mayor to leave the important functions of his office to do a neat detective job.

It was only a day over two weeks when the Concord coach, covered with dust, rolled up in front of the St. Elmo hotel at noon, and to the amazement of the two dozen curious spectators Peter Loneragan stepped out and then turned to assist a very small woman through the narrow door of the coach. Peter had not spoken a word nor recognized by a nod any of the citizens surrounding him, but they noticed with smiles that he wore a new suit of civilized cut clothes, new shoes—not boots—and to their amazement his whiskers had been clipped.

Conjectures as to his companion were varied in the minds of his audience until the driver unstrapped the boot of the coach and threw down the leather cov-

ering, and there revealed to the gaze of the dumfounded bystanders a new trunk. On one end of it was stenciled in black letters "Mrs. P. Loneragan, Ashcroft, Colorado."

The gossip of Ashcroft had up to this time been chiefly confined to rich strikes, new leads or lodes, of the possibility of money coming into camp, but the sight of that trunk revolutionized social customs there, and like a fire brand to alfalfa blew the many forked tongue of gossip, spreading in a few hours from the town to the hills the news that Pete was back without his man. The joke was on the boys, the drinks were on the town, for he had brought back a wife. If it had been any other man than the mayor! Gossip was verified by fact as the long string of citizens filed into the hotel and then out of it after having scanned the consumptive, dirty register with its last inscription, "Peter Loneragan and wife, Ashcroft, Colo."

Now the hearty good feeling every man entertained for the mayor came promptly to the surface, and that afternoon a committee was formed to give "Pete and his woman" a ball at the hotel and instructed to spare no expense. A team was sent to Aspen for the music, and two of the committee were ordered to hustle up the finest grub that ever had been laid out as a spread in Ashcroft. Everything was to be conducted secretly, and the ball would have been a great surprise had it not been for the proprietor of the St. Elmo, who appreciated the fact that Pete and his wife had had a long journey from the east and a 12 mile stage drive that morning and might need a rest before the ball.

Accordingly he took Pete aside and said: "Mayor, you've got the joke on the boys, and they hold up their hands, but between us they are getting up a ball in your honor—that is, for you and your wife—and they are going to do the thing in shape. They sent to Aspen for the music and are rounding up every store in camp for expensive grub. The ball will begin about 9 tonight, just as soon as we can have supper and clear the room, and, mayor, there was some talk of sticking each boy \$1 at the door to buy one of those parlor organs for the missis. I thought I would give you a tip to let you know their game, but don't give it away to the boys on your life."

"Well, it's pretty decent of the boys, but I'm afraid the missis is tired out. As to the dollar, I won't stand that. Throw open your doors, and if there is any charge to the business give me the bill."

That night was an eventful one in the history of Ashcroft, and one never to be forgotten by Pete. About 8 o'clock a committee of four visited the mayor, two miners and their wives. They told him a ball given in his honor would open at 9 o'clock and that their wives would "do the introducin'."

Pete tried hard to look surprised, but it was clear action. However, the miners were too excited to notice anything of this.

At 9 o'clock Ashcroft was still in a bustle. The hotel dining room had been cleared of its table, and at one end of it stood Pete, his little wife and two of the finest ladies in town with them. The music, two violins and a cornet, had opened the ball. Yet not a soul had arrived.

Pete had been waiting impatiently for three minutes, uncomfortable in his new clothes, and now he was chafing at what looked to him like a hitch in the affair. Suddenly the swinging doors leading to the barroom were thrown open, and "Left, left, left, left, left," came from Ben Sowls, with a new broom over his shoulder, led 30 stalwart miners in military style down the room, then right wheeled and around several times. There were miners of all conditions, and men who were not miners at all. One was a lonesome Indian, who came, gun and all. They came to a front face halt before the bridal party, each man carrying a bundle of something of practical use, from a sack of flour and bacon to the kitchen utensils. In the center of the party was a baby burro, with its miniature pack saddle, piled two feet high above its back, presenting the "grub stake."

The last man in the line drew by a string a tiny cradle made of a cigar box, and it was the possible admission of this little present that had caused the delay. Some of the boys at the meeting in the barroom thought that the "woman" would understand the spirit in which they gave it, and others argued that she would not.

At last old man Worthington, who had known Pete for years, rapped on the bar and said:

"Boys, I've sized that woman up, and she's no fool. Pete can explain our western ways to her, and you can bet your life he ain't no man to marry a stuck up girl."

And that ended it. The last man drew in by a cord the result of his handiwork. When they halted and faced Pete and his wife, Sowls advanced a step and brought his broom to present arms and delivered the speech of the evening.

"Mr. and Mrs. Loneragan, we, representing the citizens of Ashcroft, consider the detective work Pete Loneragan went to Missouri for a great strike and that it has resulted in a credit to the camp. We think, though, he might have given his old friends a tip and not have deprived us until this late hour of the chance to honor this great event in a manner more fitting. You, madam, as the wife of Loneragan, are welcome to this camp, and every boy in his outfit has a warm spot for you under his vest. If the little things we have brought here tonight will be of any service to you both, we will be mighty pleased. We only ask that you will use all of them."

At this moment the boys smiled and dropped their bundles to applaud and emphasize the remarks of their spokesman. The little burro, as if to strengthen their sincerity, walked to the end of his rope and stretched his woolly head toward Pete.

The mayor came forward a step, and

while playing with the ears of the beast cleared his throat several times and coughed. Then he started his response: "Boys, I'm not much for speakin', but I'm no slouch on thinkin'. I don't know how to thank you for this ball and all this useful outfit, but I do feel blame grateful, boys—we both do. Now let's dance, and I promise you we'll use every darned present you've brought us."

Then the men filed up in line and met Mrs. Loneragan and danced with her. In the small hours of the morning tables were brought in and supper was served. Every delicacy the boys had been able to procure at such short notice was there, and in the center of the table rose the bridal cake with its two sugared figures. It was daybreak when the ball was over, and all the boys agreed, as the last drink was taken, that Pete had struck great luck. And so it proved.

Mayor Loneragan's wife was worshipped by the boys before she had been a month in camp. She was a delicate little lady, with a low voice and modest manners. She had been brought up in a comfortable home in Missouri, yet she grooved into the life of Ashcroft as if she had been designed for it. If a miner was hurt, it was Mrs. Loneragan who looked after him and his wounds. If one of the boys was hard up and needed help, it was Mrs. Loneragan who found it out and sent Pete to his aid. Thus it was that the quiet little woman won the love and respect of the miners of Ashcroft. The mayor, under the influence of his wife, grew to be quite a new man. His whole soul was wrapped up in the little woman and her work.

It was just a year after the ball. The whole camp loved the wife of the mayor of Ashcroft, and there was not a man in the whole district who would have not ridden 48 hours to do her the slightest favor. Pete had gone to Glenwood to see a physician, and the boys held a meeting to talk over the coming event. They had arranged to do the handsome thing by the hair. They had decided to have a large silver mug made from the ore taken from their hills and to present it at a time when they could give Pete and his wife a reception worthy the name of Ashcroft.

But they never did. The mother and the boy were buried within the boundary of Pete's location, the Prospect. She had asked to be buried there and not taken home.

Ashcroft seemed to fade with the loss of that woman. One man after another pulled up stakes and left, but not without a lump in his throat as the stage passed the Prospect.

Pete did not talk much for a year, and he never put a pick into Ashcroft's ground after the death of his wife. Some of the boys claim he went out of his mind entirely.

He locked his cabin as it stood, taking away only one thing, a little cradle made of a cigar box, with a broken string still attached to it.—Henry Russell Wray in Pittsburg Post.

Dewey, Do We Do 'Em?

Do we take Manila? Dewey? Well, we should smile. We don't do a thing to 'em! Dewey? Just give 'em a taste of—well! Don't we? Dewey? A hot touch! The grand rush! A warm time! Do we hand it out to the haughty Dons? Dewey? There's nothing to it! We give them their due! We do it. Part of it. That's what we do. Dewey? Do we run away? Do we keep cool and wait? Well, what do you think now? Dewey? Not on your life! Dewey? Remember the Maine! What the sunken Maine? Dewey? Well, we don't forget! Dewey? Do we miss a shot? Do we settle the score? Oh, Dewey? Not much! Do we square accounts for treachery's deed? Dewey? At least in part. But there's more to do. Much more. Do we stoop at the deal? Do we close the deal? Dewey? Is the incident closed? Isn't it just begun? That good work—Dewey? Do we rest the case? What, at this point? Well, we wonder! Dewey?—[Cincinnati Times Star.

Hood's pills cure liver ills, biliousness, indigestion, headache. A pleasant laxative. All druggists.

The Value of Advertising.



D. M. Osborne & Company, of Auburn, New York, who manufacture the largest line of farm implements made by any one concern in the United States, and whose attractive advertisements have been appearing in our columns for the last two months, have been forced to acknowledge that these ads. have been seen and read by a multitude of people, if inquiries can be any criterion to go by. In their ads. they have incidentally offered to send free of charge a book six inches by nine inches, entitled "Handy Book for House and Farm," which is complete in its information for farm and housekeeping and particularly in cooking and baking receipts. The number of inquiries for these books have been and still remains something enormous. The unexpected part of the programme is that many of the ladies after trying these receipts, have sent to the Advertising Manager, sample boxes of cakes of different kinds, pressed chicken, etc. The illustration given, shows his desk nearly covered with these boxes, which speaks imperatively of the interest the ladies have taken in the book. This book also describes in detail, the Osborne implements, which have won the reputation of "the best where others fail," and are by their excellence, pushing their individuality well to the front in the agricultural world.

THE BOSTON MARKETS.

Boston, May 9.—There is a fair demand for choice, fresh creamery butter, but common grades sell slowly. Prices are steady. Best creamery, small lots and packages, 19½¢@20¢; northern creamery, round lots, 18½¢@19¢; western 18¢; eastern 18¢; firsts, 15¢@16¢; imitation, 15¢@16¢; northern dairy, 15¢@16¢.

Receipts for the 12 months show a slight increase, but exports show a material decrease. The quantity credited to home consumption is about 1,500,000 pounds larger than for the year previous, and the average weekly consumption is figured out to be \$22,404 pounds, against about \$20,000 pounds last year, an increase of a little over 3 percent. The increase is not as large as it ought to be, if the same territory drew its supplies from Boston from year to year; but it is understood that several of the populous cities in this state and New Hampshire get part of their supplies direct from the creameries instead of taking them from here as formerly. In this way a portion of the trade is diverted from this center, and Boston dealers are to be congratulated in holding as much of the business as they do. Of the 200,000 tubs in cold storage here on the 21st of August, only 289 tubs remained on the last day of April, which leaves us with virtually no stock at the beginning of the new trade year.

Cheese is steady and unchanged: Round lots, 9½¢@10¢; sage, 10¢@10½¢; Jobbing, 10½¢@11¢; Liverpool, 42s for white, colored, 44s.

Eggs are lower in price, with receipts heavy. The market is quiet: Western and southern, 10¢@11¢; Michigan and Indiana, 11¢@11½¢; eastern, 11¢@12¢; nearby and fancy, 12¢@13¢; Jobbing prices, 10½¢@11¢.

Beans are reported steady here, with the country markets very firm. The supply is declared to be very limited. Quotations are revised: Carload lots, pea, \$1.45@1.50; medium, \$1.45@1.50; yellow eye, \$1.55@1.60; red kidney, \$2.40@2.50; California small white, \$1.70@1.75; California, Lima, 4¢@4½¢ per lb. Jobbing lots are 10c more.

Potatoes are rather quiet in demand, though prices are steadily held: Green mountains, extra, \$1.05@1.10; fair, 90¢@95¢; white stars or Burbanks, 95¢@1.00; Aroostook hebrons, 95¢; Dakota reds, 85¢; eastern shore and Carolina sweet, \$2.25@2.75; Tennessee, in cts, \$2.50@3.

Tallow is reported firmer, with tallow oil stronger: Bulk, 4¢@4½¢; tallow oil, 41¢@42¢.

New York, May 10.—Tallow steady. City, 2½¢; country, 3½¢@3½¢, as to quality.

FLOUR AND GRAIN. The prices quoted yesterday for the choice brands of spring wheat patent flour were just \$1.05 per barrel higher than they were one week previous, and in general trade brands there has been an advance of from \$1 to \$1.50. These are the advances quoted by the mills. Jobbers and all other sellers are inclined to ask about as much of an advance, though of course there is flour on the market, bought before the full advance had been quoted, on which a big profit could be made at prices under the present market value. The difficulty of replenishing stocks, however, is a check to any very large sales in this way. Flour at present looks like good property. The following are fair but wholly nominal quotations for the leading brands of flour offered on the market yesterday. They are subject to change should the position of wheat be not sustained or a further advance made. Spring wheat patents from \$7.25 to \$8.10, spring wheat clears from \$6 to \$6.60, winter wheat patents from \$7.25 to \$7.75, winter wheat straight from \$6.75 to \$7.25, and winter wheat clears from \$6.50 to \$7 per barrel, as to quality and size of package.

The market for corn has ruled firm for a week past in sympathy with wheat. The most pronounced advance took place yesterday when at Chicago the closing prices were 28¢ cents for cash and May, 36¢ to 37¢ cents for July, and 37¢ to 37½¢ cents for September, showing an advance from Saturday's close of 2¢ cents in the former options and of about 3¢ cents in July. The visible supply decreased 2,131,000 bushels during the week, and is now 24,913,000 bushels. The exports have been big and both the home and foreign demand continues good. Prices on this market have materially advanced and dealers are now quoting No. 2 yellow on the track here at 46¢ cents and steamer yellow at 46¢ cents. Shippers advanced prices yesterday and were last offering Chicago No. 2 yellow to arrive at 46¼¢ to 46½¢ cents and No. 3 yellow at 46 to 46¼¢ cents.

The market for oats is firm, but has shown less excitement than other grains. Yesterday there was an advance of about a cent in the Chicago option market, with the closing prices at 31¼¢ to 31½¢ cents for cash and May, 27¼¢ to 28 cents for July, and 24¼¢ cents for September. The local market has been fairly active. Spot supplies are still limited and holders have not been anxious sellers. For choice clipped on the track 41 to 41½¢ cents is quoted, with standard at 39½¢ to 40 cents. Shippers report a good demand and were last offering 40 to 42 pounds clipped to arrive at 41½¢ cents and from that down to 40 to 40½¢ cents for 35 to 38 pounds.

All the meal markets are higher. Oatmeal is now quoted at \$4.50 to \$4.75 for cut, cornmeal at \$2 to 90 cents per bag and \$1.95 to \$2 per barrel. Rye flour at \$4 to \$4.25 and graham at \$4.25 to \$6 per barrel.

LIVE STOCK. Fresh beef has been rather quiet, and the market rather easy. The arrivals of beef for the week have been heavier, including 178 cars for Boston and 115 cars for export, a total of 293 cars; preceding week, 150 cars for Boston, and 128 cars for export, a total of 278 cars; same week a year ago, 150 cars for Boston and 116 for export, a total of 266 cars.

Muttons and lambs have been in full supply and the prices have dropped off quite seriously. Poultry is quiet, with prices steady.

Hungry Russia.

The Russian journal Novoye Vremya complains of the degeneracy of the present populace of the great empire, attributing it to the lack of proper nourishment. It declares it may be safely said that the lower classes have one-third less to eat than their grandfathers had.

A Toast to Commodore Dewey.

At the Dewey golden wedding at Montpelier last week Tuesday evening, Rev. A. N. Lewis called the assembly to order, with the following remarks: "Ladies and gentlemen: We miss tonight the presence of a near relative of this youthful couple, whom we should have been glad to welcome to this festive occasion. He would have been here, but for an important and pressing business engagement elsewhere. Just before his departure for Hong Kong last November, the following lines by Col. Archibald Hopkins were 'said or sung' to him at a farewell dinner given in his honor by the Metropolitan club at Washington. I have permission of the 'bride and groom' to interrupt the festivities by reading them at this time. I know you will all be glad to hear them."

Fill all your glasses full to night;
The wind is off the shore;
And be it rest or be it fight,
We pledge the Commodore.

Through days of storm, through days of calm,
On broad Pacific seas;
At anchor off the Isles of Palm,
Or with the Japanese.

On shore, afloat, on deck, below,
Or where our bulwarks roar;
To back a friend or breast a foe,
We pledge the Commodore.

We know our honor'll be unstained
Where'er his pennant flies;
Our rights respected and maintained,
Where'er power defies.

And when he takes the homeward tack
Beneath an Admiral's flag,
We'll hail the day that brings him back
And have another lag.

Since then he has added this postscript to his toast:

Along the far Philippine coast,
Where flew the flag of Spain,
Our Commodore today can boast
"I'll never fly again."

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing kidney and bladder disease relieved in six hours by "New Great South American Kidney Cure." It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy.

Sold by C. C. Bingham, 37 Main St., Druggist, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Army and Navy Officers.

The following relative ranks of army and navy officers is compiled by the Montpelier Record and will be especially interesting at the present time:

General, - with Admiral.
Lieut. Gen'l, - with Vice Admiral.
Major Gen'l, - with Rear Admiral.
Brigadier Gen'l, - with Commodore.
Colonel, - with Captain.
Lieut. Col., - with Commander.
Major, - with Lieut. Commander.
Captain, - with Lieut. (senior).
First Lieut., - with Lieut. (junior).
Second Lieut., - with Ensign.

Stop! Women,

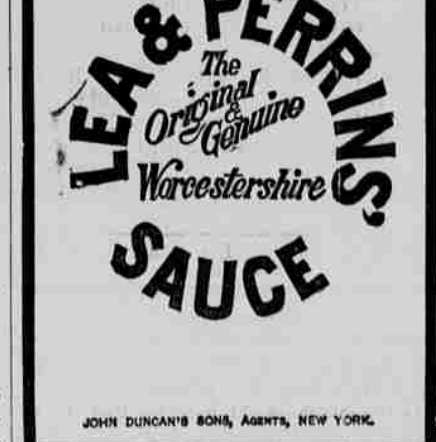
And consider that in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's diseases is greater than that of any living physician, male or female.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man; besides, a man does not understand, simply because he is a man.

MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read, and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private ills to a woman. Thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

Beware of Imitations



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for St. Johnsbury.

The National Debt.

The public debt at the close of business on April 30 was \$1,018,432,652, an increase for the month of \$9,718,301. This increase is due to a corresponding decrease in the cash on hand, which is accounted for by the heavy expenditures for war purposes. The cash in the treasury that day was: Gold, \$217,190,835; silver, \$512,894,282; paper, \$70,526,048; bonds, disbursing officers' balances, &c., \$30,507,395; total, \$881,117,862, against which there are outstanding demand liabilities amounting to \$615,307,240, leaving a net cash balance of \$265,810,622. The receipts for the month aggregated \$33,012,943, and the expenditures \$44,314,062. This deficit of over \$11,000,000 is caused by the increased expenditures on account of war.

The post office at Montpelier was entered by burglars last Wednesday morning. Nothing of value has been missed.

Trained Nurses Recommend Comfort Powder.

"I have used Comfort Powder, and always recommend it, not only for infants, but in all cases of chafing and skin irritation." M. E. FISHER, Trained Nurse, Forestdale, Mass.

"I can say with pleasure I have found Comfort Powder very valuable in the sickroom. For infants I think it is the best of all powders, and shall always recommend it. It is also a fine toilet powder. For tender feet it is most soothing, and rightly deserves its name." Mrs. C. A. HOWE, Trained Nurse, Allston, Mass.

"I have used Comfort Powder for many years. It keeps the skin comfortable, and it is all you claim for it. For the invalid's delicate skin nothing equals it." CAROLINE ANGUS, 313 East 43d St., New York City.

"I always recommend Comfort Powder wherever a fine, pure powder is needed for both infants and adults." GEORGIA L. ALLEN, Trained Nurse, Springfield, Mass.

"I have used Comfort Powder for three years, and find it has no equal for infant chafing and scalding, and for irritation of the skin of any kind. I have recommended it to a number of patients with the best results." MARY J. FALLON, Trained Nurse, Boston, Mass.

"I find Comfort Powder the most satisfactory powder I have ever used. Invaluable in cases of bedridden patients, where it works wonders. For babies I think it especially good, and heartily recommend it to all nurses." Mrs. L. E. VERRETT, Trained Nurse, Boston, Mass.

"I have used Comfort Powder in the sickroom with excellent results. It is cooling and soothing to the patient, especially where there is a tendency to itching or chafing of the skin. In the nursery for infants and children it is unsurpassed."

MARGARET E. BACH, Trained Nurse, Greensburg, Pa.

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